The Third Part of
King Henry VI.

KING HENRY: "Look, as I blow this feather from my face"

KING HENRY VI Part III *Act* III *Scene* I

Booklovers Edition

Henry VI
Third Part

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions,
Notes, Glossary,
Critical Comments,
and Method of Study

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The Duke of York reaches London in advance of the King, and is seated by Warwick upon the throne. There the weak-kneed monarch shortly afterwards finds him; nor can he move him from his seat till York is promised the kingly succession after Henry's death. Neither of the rival houses long abides by the treaty. The haughty Queen Margaret becomes enraged at the prospect of her son's deposition, and herself musters an army against York, who is defeated and slain.

II. York's sons, Edward and Richard, though much depressed by these tidings, take heart again upon being joined by the powerful Warwick. The royal forces are engaged once more near Towton. The battle is fiercely fought, but at length the King's—or, more properly, the Queen's—forces are routed. Edward proceeds to London to mount the throne as Edward IV.

III. Having witnessed Edward's coronation, Warwick crosses over to France to obtain for the new sovereign the hand of the Princess Bona. At the French court he encounters Queen Margaret and her son, who had come to implore the French King's aid in their cause. This is almost granted when the arrival of Warwick changes the aspect of affairs, and Edward's overtures are successful. Just at this moment, however, letters from England bear intelligence that Edward has married Lady Elizabeth Grey. Naturally both the King of

France and Warwick are incensed at the broken faith. Warwick then and there becomes reconciled with Queen Margaret, who is also promised French forces to renew the struggle.

IV. Warwick hurries back to England, surprises Edward by forced marches, takes the crown from his head, and gives it back to Henry, who has been languishing in the Tower. But Edward in turn escapes from Warwick's surveillance, and takes refuge in Burgundy, where he recruits fresh troops. Upon returning to England he proceeds to his dukedom of York, and soon gathers strength enough to march on London. The impotent Henry is again seized and consigned to the Tower.

V. Edward meets Warwick in an engagement near Barnet, and the great earl, whose deeds have given him the title of "King-maker," is slain. A still more decisive battle is fought and won against Queen Margaret and the remnants of the Lancastrian forces, supported by the French, on the plains of Tewksbury. Queen Margaret is taken prisoner, and her son is stabbed to the heart by the three brothers of York. Henry's weak, troubled reign is ended by a dagger-thrust at the hands of Edward's brother, Richard of Gloucester; while Edward assumes the crown so bloodily striven for, amid every prospect of peace for himself and security for his infant son. Destiny has not yet revealed the sinister intentions of the ambitious Gloucester.

McSpadden: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

King Henry.

The Poet, with his instinctive judgement, has given the King a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to

utter incapacity; and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspere has never painted Henry under this aspect: he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of the *Third Part of Henry VI.* This scene is copied from the *Contention*, with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspere could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of "armed men," and proposing compromise even worse than war. We request our readers to peruse this scene in the *Second Part of the Contention*, and endeavour to recollect if any poet besides Shakspere ever presented such a reality in the exhibition of a mind whose principles have no coherency and no self-reliance; one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; now urging his rival to peace, and now threatening war; turning from the assertion of his title to acknowledge its weakness; and terminating his display of "words, frowns, and threats" with

"Let me but reign in quiet while I live."

KNIGHT: *Pictorial Shakspere.*

III.

The Characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.

The characters and situations of both these persons are so nearly alike that they would have been completely confounded by a commonplace poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakespear. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been King, and is glad to be rid of the power, with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary, proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation. Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knighting a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice:—

> "Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
> And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

IV.

Queen Margaret.

In the third part of *Henry VI.*, Margaret, engaged in the terrible struggle for her husband's throne, appears

to rather more advantage. The indignation against Henry, who had pitifully yielded his son's birthright for the privilege of reigning unmolested during his own life, is worthy of her, and gives rise to a beautiful speech. We are here inclined to sympathize with her; but soon after follows the murder of the Duke of York; and the base, revengeful spirit and atrocious cruelty with which she insults over him, unarmed and a prisoner—the bitterness of her mockery, and the unwomanly malignity with which she presents him with the napkin stained with the blood of his youngest son, and "bids the father wipe his eyes withal," turn all our sympathy into aversion and horror. York replies in the celebrated speech beginning—

> She-wolf of France, and worse than wolves of France,
> Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth—

and taunts her with the poverty of her father, the most irritating topic he could have chosen.

By such a woman as Margaret is here depicted such a speech could be answered only in one way—with her dagger's point—and thus she answers it.

It is some comfort to reflect that this trait of ferocity is not historical; the body of the Duke of York was found, after the battle, among the heaps of slain, and his head struck off; but even this was not done by the command of Margaret.

In another passage, the truth and consistency of the character of Margaret are sacrificed to the march of the dramatic action, with a very ill effect. When her fortunes were at the very lowest ebb, and she had sought refuge in the court of the French king, Warwick, her most formidable enemy, upon some disgust he had taken against Edward IV., offered to espouse her cause, and proposed a match between the prince her son and his daughter Anne of Warwick—the "gentle Lady Anne" who figures in *Richard III.* In the play, Margaret embraces the offer without a moment's hesitation: we are disgusted by her versatile policy, and a meanness of spirit

in no way allied to the magnanimous forgiveness of her terrible adversary. The Margaret of history sternly resisted this degrading expedient. She should not, she said, pardon from her heart the man who had been the primary cause of all her misfortunes. She mistrusted Warwick, despised him for the motives of his revolt from Edward, and considered that to match her son into the family of her enemy from mere policy was a species of degradation. It took Louis XI., with all his art and eloquence, fifteen days to wring a reluctant consent, accompanied with tears, from this high-hearted woman.

The speech of Margaret to her council of generals before the battle of Tewksbury (V. iv. 1 *et seq.*) is as remarkable a specimen of false rhetoric as her address to the soldiers, on the eve of the fight, is of true and passionate eloquence.

She witnesses the final defeat of her army, the massacre of her adherents, and the murder of her son; and though the savage Richard would willingly have put an end to her misery, and exclaims very pertinently—

> Why should she live to fill the world with words?

she is dragged forth unharmed, a woful spectacle of extremest wretchedness, to which death would have been an undeserved relief.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Richard.

The dire and ominous shadow of the historic Richard is thrown nearly a generation backward. It is also deepened and darkened by the aid of the blacker interpretation of Richard left by Sir Thomas More. Holinshed's Richard is the ruthless champion of his House, who slays Henry only "to the intent that his brother Edward might reign with more surety"; the dramatic Richard is "himself" and for himself alone. But even the dramatic

Richard does nothing, in the present play, which the champion of his House might not do; and thus the two sublime monologues (III. ii., V. vi.) in which he lays bare, with the terrific candour of Tamburlane, the policy of his egoism, are only intelligible as preludes to the wonderful drama in which Shakespeare, now at length escaping from the traces of Greene and from the Marlowe alliance if not as yet altogether from his spell, worked out the destiny of the great avenger of the crimes of Lancaster.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Warwick and Clifford.

Warwick and Clifford are appropriate specimens of the old English feudal baronage in the height of its power and splendour; a class of men brave, haughty, turbulent, and rough, accustomed to wield the most despotic authority on their estates, and therefore spurning at legal restraint in their public capacity; and individually able, sometimes, to overawe and browbeat both king and Parliament. In the play, however, we see little of their personal traits, these being, for the most part, lost in the common habits and sentiments of their order; not to mention that, in the collision of such steel-clad champions, individual features are apt to be kept out of sight, and all distinctive tones are naturally drowned in the clash of arms. It is mainly what they stand for in the public action, that the drama concerns itself about, not those characteristic issues which are the proper elements of a personal acquaintance. Yet they are somewhat discriminated: Clifford is more fierce and special in his revenge, because more tender and warm in his affections; while Warwick is more free from particular hate, because his mind is more at ease in the magnitude of his power, and the feeling of his consequence. It is said that not

less than thirty thousand persons lived daily at the tables of his different castles and manors. Add to this, that his hospitality was boundless, his dispositions magnificent, his manners captivating, his spirit frank, forthright, and undesigning, and it may well be conceived why his "housekeeping won the greatest favour of the commons," insomuch that, though but an earl in style, he could in effect force kings to reign as viceroys under him. Holinshed speaks of him thus: "Full fraught was this nobleman with good qualities right excellent and many, all which a certain natural grace did so far forth recommend, that with high and low he was in singular favour and good liking, so as, unsought-for it seemed, he grew able to command all alone." And his bearing in the play is answerable to the character that history assigns him; though it were to be wished, that in the doings of the king-maker the Poet had given us more taste of the individual man.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Battling of the Base.

The play commences with abject meanness on his [King Henry's] part in bartering the hopes of his heir for his personal immunity and ease during life, and the hollow compromise he relies on is presently broken through by his own party, as well as that of York, and with equal guilt of perjury on either side. Instability and faithlessness are active also between members of the same party, and Exeter, the fleeting Clarence and Warwick desert and return under the influence of the merest personal whims and piques and self-interest. All the other virtues but valour in its lowest dogged form appear to have taken leave of society; in no direction that we can turn is an effort apparent that claims our confidence and deserves our sympathy, and the state of affairs is

represented that has occurred more than once among the civil convulsions nearer to our own time, though happily not in our own country—high motive and good faith utterly wanting, or if found together unsupported by even ordinary sagacity, application and courage. In such a case the strongest right, much more its merest shadow, forfeits the vantage-ground of natural strength to the very basest ambition guided by first-rate talents, energy and courage; and when the battle at last turns between contenders who are all destitute of right and virtue, the victory will surely fall to him who with the best or an equal capacity is the most treacherous, prompt and pitilessly unsparing. The better and indeed the greater strength of the consistency of right is lost, and the consistency of wrong has the reversion of supremacy and bears down all before it, though only in its onward and downward course to its own destruction. It is by title of such steady and overruling consistency that the house of York triumphs at last, and that within that house the last prize is destined inevitably for Richard, the most able, steadfast, daring and unscrupulous of all. This destiny is distinctly indicated in the present play, and the hint is given too in the prediction about Richmond, that, if wickedness is rising to a head and ripening, the sickle is also preparing that is to raze it to the ground. For the rest the progress of the contest decimates a turbulent nobility and leads us to anticipate a quieter world in days to come.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Henry VI. Trilogy.

Let us again take a survey of the whole trilogy. . . . We have history represented in its degeneration into civil war, which is the consequence of the original disturbance of its course and of the general demor-

alisation which increases with it. This is the theme upon which the *whole trilogy* is based, and which exhibits the two sides of life according to Shakspeare's conception. The three *parts* then show the principal stages in the development of such a state of things. History, when so degenerate, first of all casts out those that are good and noble but who are nevertheless not wholly unaffected by the spirit of their age, and at the same time shows that the great and pure are not understood and that they cannot keep themselves entirely pure. This is exhibited in the *First* Part by the events belonging to it (and hence, because appropriate here only, Shakspeare introduces Talbot's death into this First Part in violation of the laws of chronology). History then continues falling into a wild state of chaos, where right and wrong flow into one another and can no longer be distinguished, and consequently where the bad and the good, or, to speak more correctly, the bad and those that are less bad, are drawn into the general vortex. This is the second stage, of which we have a representation in the *Second* Part. Having arrived at this climax, history demands that man shall not interfere with its course, and refrain from having any determination of his own, and that he shall leave all action to that man whom it has itself chosen to restore order. It therefore punishes every uncalled-for interference as unauthorised presumption, whereas the submissive spirit is inwardly exalted and glorified through suffering and death. This is the thought which connects the events of the *Third* Part into an organic unity.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

The Poet and the Plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgement will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will

be the best, and one will be the worst. . . . Dissimilitude of style, and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

Never attracting or affecting me quite as the other works of Shakespeare, nor indeed ever seeming to me to be his works, they had never been so perused as to engage me in spontaneous interpretation or restoration. Even up to the present hour too, of Shakespeare's close, bold, and subtle reasoning; his epigrammatic play of words and ideas; his grace and dignity of dialogue; his psychological curiosity; his metaphorical prodigality; his disclosed fruits of pensive experience; his encased kernels of consolidated thought; his touches of human nature, here finely caught, there mysteriously inspired; his world-wide illustration; his magical imagery of outward things reflected from the innermost sense of them; all involved in a stream of melody whose onflow becomes in itself pathetic;—of these from the three parts of *Henry VI.* I still miss some sensible measure.

VAUGHAN: *New Readings and New Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the sixth.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF EXETER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,*
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*
} *his sons.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} *uncles to the Duke of York.*
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILE.
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE: *England and France.*

The Third Part of
KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.
[*They go up.*

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard Duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,
Let 's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[*Exeunt North., Cliff., and West.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may: I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.
Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. Here they come down.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I 'll to my castle.
War. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I 'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let 's away;
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I 'll see your grace: till then I 'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Sandal Castle.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:

A woman 's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I 'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Stabs him.*

Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death,
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.
[*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.

I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I 'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let 's away.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my sons my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee; 170
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland:
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging in the body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody..
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who 's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he 's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A forest in the north of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befel me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him;
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg, Warwick, to give;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I 'll obey.

First Keep. Weare true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he 'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he 'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you 'll be ruled by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'ld think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—

Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I 'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
[*They stand aloof.*

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[*Post blows a horn within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:
[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I 'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He 's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what 's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Glou. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glou. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glou. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters? 91

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.' 100

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong, 110
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glou. [*Aside*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: 11
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*
Why then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter three watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?

First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
First Watch. Who goes there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.*

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is
The duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
[*They lead him out forcibly.*

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, guarded.*

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe,
Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou. Come then, away; let 's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?
Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*
Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at least is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glou. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*They descend.*
Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*The drum begins to march.*
K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we 'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Flourish.*

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king
of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto
you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize upon the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somervile.

War. Say, Somervile, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?
Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace.
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!
[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March. Warwick and his company follow.*

Scene II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun.
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glou. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he 's deceived; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glou. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glou. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

Glou. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury.
[*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glou. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. [*Exit.* 50

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst. 60
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou. 71

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!
[*Exit, led out forcibly.*
K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:
'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest—

Glou. I 'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!
If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit, with the body.*

Scene VII.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou. [*Aside*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abodements, bad omens; IV. vii. 13.
Aboding, boding; V. vi. 45.
Adventure, enterprise; IV. ii. 18.
Advertised, informed; II. i. 116.
Æsop; an allusion to the belief that he was humpbacked (hence the application of the name to Richard Crookback); V. v. 25.
Aims at, (1) endeavours to obtain, III. ii. 68; (2) aim, guess, III. ii. 68.
Alms-deed, act of charity; V. v. 79.
Apparent, heir-apparent; II. ii. 64.
Appointed; "well a.," well equipped; II. i. 113.
Argosy, merchant ship; II. vi. 36.
Arrived, reached, arrived at; V. iii. 8.
As, that; I. i. 234.
Assay, try, essay (Collier, "*essay*"); I. iv. 118.
Attended, waited for; IV. vi. 82.
Awful, awe-inspiring; II. i. 154.

Balm, consecrated oil; III. i. 17.
Bands, bonds; I. i. 186.
Bandy, beat to and fro; I. iv. 49.
Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 187.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Battle, army, body of troops; I. i. 8, 15.
Beaver, helmet; I. i. 12.
Belgia, Belgium; IV. viii. 1.
Belike, I suppose; I. i. 51.
Bells, "shake his bells," an allusion to the small bells attached to hawks, to frighten the birds hawked at; I. i. 47.
Betimes, in good time, before it is too late; V. iv. 45.
Bewray, betray; I. i 211.
Bishop's Palace, the Palace of the Bishop of London; V. i. 45.

Blaze, burn; V. iv. 71.
Blood-sucking sighs, referring to the old belief that with each sigh the heart lost a drop of blood; IV. iv. 22.
Bloody, blood-thirsty, cruel; I. iii. 2.
Blunt, rough; IV. viii. 2.
Bodged, yielded, gave way, budged (Johnson conj. "*budged,*" Collier conj. "*botch'd*"); I. iv. 19.
Bootless, useless; I. iv. 20.
Boots, avails; I. iv. 125.
Broach'd, begun; II. ii. 159.
Bruit, rumour, report; IV. vii. 64.
Buckle, join in close fight (Theobald's correction [from Quartos] of Folios, "*buckler*"); I. iv. 50.
Buckler, shield; III. iii. 99.
Bug, bugbear; V. ii. 2.
But, except; IV. vii. 36.
Buy, aby, pay for (Grant White, "*by,*" from "*abie*" Quarto 1); V. i. 68.

Callet, a woman of bad character; II. ii. 145.
Captivates, makes captive; I. iv. 115.
Case; "if c.," if it be the case, if it happen (Folio 4, "*In case*"); V. iv. 34.
Chafed, infuriated; II. v. 126.
Challenge, claim; IV. vi. 6.
Chameleon, a kind of lizard whose colour changes; III. ii. 191.
Channel, gutter (Roderick conj. "*kennel*"); II. ii 141.
Charm, silence, as by a charm; V. v. 31.
Chase, pursuit, game; II. iv. 12.
Cheerly, cheerfully; V. iv. 2.
Chid, driven by scolding; II. v. 17.
Close, secret; IV. v. 17.
Colours, standards, ensigns; I. i. 91.
Conveyance, trickery; III. iii. 160.
Convey'd, carried off; IV. vi. 81.
Cony, rabbit (Folio 1, "*Connie,*" Folio 2, "*Conny*"); I. iv. 62.
Coverture, covert, shelter (Warburton, "*overture*"); IV. ii. 13.

Darraign, range; II. ii. 72.
Dazzle, "d. mine eyes," are my eyes dazzled?; II. i. 25.
Dearest, best, most precious; V. i. 69.
Deck, pack of cards; V. i. 44.
Delicates, delicacies; II. v. 51.
Demean'd, behaved; I. iv. 7.
Depart, death, II. i. 110; departure, going away, IV. i. 92.
Departing, parting; II. vi. 43.
Despite, spite, malice; II. i. 59.
Detect, betray; II. ii. 143.
Disannuals, annuls, cancels; III. iii. 81.
Done, done with, finished with; IV. i. 104.
Done his shrift, heard the confession and granted absolution; III. ii. 107.
Doubt, fear; IV. viii. 37.

Doubted, feared; IV. iii. 19.
Downright, straight dawn; I. i. 12.

Eager, bitter; II. vi. 68.
Ean, bring forth young (Folios 1, 2, "*Eane*"; Theobald, "*yean*"); II. v. 36.
Effuse, effusion; II. vi. 28.
Embassade, embassy (Capell, from Quartos, "*embassage*"); IV. iii. 32.
Empty, hungry; I. i. 268.
Encounter, fight, combat; V. iii. 5.
Enlargement, release from confinement; IV. vi. 5.
Extraught, extracted, derived; II. ii. 142.

Falchion, scimitar, sword; I. iv. 12.
Fear, affright, terrify; III. iii. 226.
Fear'd, affrighted, frightened (Rowe, "*scar'd*"); V. ii. 2.
Fearful, timorous, I. i. 25; II. ii. 30; terrible, dreadful, II. ii. 27.
Fence, defend, guard; II. vi. 75.
Figures, reveals; II. i. 32.
Fires, dissyllabic; II. i. 83.
Foil, defeat; V. iv. 42.
Fondly, foolishly; II. ii. 38.
For, as regards; IV. iii. 48.
Forfend, forbid; II. i. 191.
Forgery, lie, deception; III. iii. 175.
Forlorn; "a f.," an outcast (Collier MS., "*all forlorn*"); III. iii. 26.
Forslow, delay (Folios 1, 2, "*Foreslow*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Fore-slow*"); II. iii. 56.
Forspent, exhausted (Folios, "*Forespent*"; Rann (from Quartos), "*Sore spent*"); II. iii. 1.
Forward of, eager for; IV. viii. 46.
Fretting, violently agitating; II. vi. 35.

Gallant, spruce fellow, used ironically; V. v. 12.
Gallia, Gaul; V. iii. 8.
Ghostly, spiritual; III. ii. 107.
Gin, snare; I. iv. 61.
Government, self-control; I. iv. 132.
Grant, granting, bestowing; III. iii. 130.

Hand; "out of h.," at once; IV. vii. 63.
Haply, fortunately; II. v. 58.
Hard-favour'd, hard-featured, ugly; V. v. 78.
Hasty, rash, passionate (Walker conj. "*lusty*"; Cartwright conj. "*hardy*"); IV. viii. 2.
Haught, haughty; II. i. 169.
Have at thee, take care, be warned; II. iv. 11.
He, man; I. i. 46.
Head, making, raising an army; II. i. 141.
Heir, heiress; IV. i. 48.
Henry, trisyllabic; I. i. 107.
Hold, stronghold; I. ii. 52.
Homely, humble; II. v. 22.
Honesty, chastity; III. ii. 72.

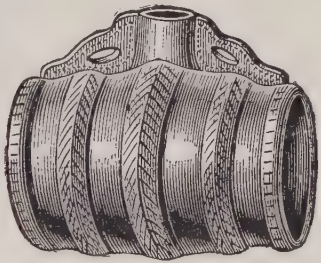
Hour (dissyllabic); II. v. 26, 31, 32, 33, etc.
Hyrcania, a country on the Caspian Sea; I. iv. 155.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, who, attempting to imitate the example of his father and fly on wings, was drowned (Ovid, *Meta.* viii.); V. vi. 21.
Impale, encircle; III. iii. 189.
Impeach, reproach; I. iv. 60.
Indigested, shapeless; V. vi. 51.
Inferring, bringing forward; II. ii. 44.
Injurious, insulting, III. iii. 78; unjust, III. iii. 101.
Inly, inward; I. iv. 171.
Inviolable, not to be broken; II. i. 30.
Irks; "it i.," it pains; II. ii. 6.

Keeper with cross-bow; III. i. *Cp.* illustration.

From an illuminated MS. of the XVth century, in the National Library, Paris.

Lade, ladle, bale out; III. ii. 139.
Lane, passage; I. iv. 9.
Laund, lawn, glade (Capell, "*lawn*"); III. i. 2.
Level, aim; II. ii. 19.
Leather bottle; II. v. 48. (*Cp.* annexed illustration, from a specimen in the Roach-Smith collection.)



Leather bottle.

Lime, join, cement; V. i. 84.
Limed, caught by bird-lime; V. vi. 13.
'Long, along of, owing to; (Folios, "*long*"); IV. vii. 32.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician; III. ii. 193.
Magnanimity, heroic bravery; V. iv. 41.
Malapert, pert, saucy; V. v. 32.
Male, male-parent; V. vi. 15.
Man at arms, armed knight; V. iv. 42.
Manhood, bravery, courage; IV. ii. 20.
Marches, country-borders; II. i. 140.

Masquers; III. iii. 224. *Cp.* illustration.

From an illumination in the Harl. MS. of Froissart.

Meeds, deserts, merits; II. i. 36.

Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 186.

Mess, set of four, "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares); I. iv. 73.

Mind, mean, have a mind; IV. i. 8.

Misdoubteth, distrusts; V. vi. 14.

Misthink, misjudge; II. v. 108.

Moe, more; II. i. 170.

Motion, proposal; III. iii. 244.

Mought, the reading of the Folios; might, could (Capell [Quartos], "*could*"; Pope, "*might*"); V. ii. 45.

Muse, marvel, wonder; III. ii. 109.

Naked, unarmed; V. iv. 42.

Napkin, handkerchief; I. iv. 79.

Narrow seas, English Channel; IV. viii. 3.

Neat, horned cattle; II. i. 14.

Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; III. ii. 188.

Nice, subtile, sophistical; IV. vii. 58.

Obsequious, lavish of obsequies; II. v. 118.

Of, instead of, from being; III. iii. 25.

Only, alone (Pope, "*alone*"); IV. i. 45.

Overgone, overcome; II. v. 123.

Overpeer'd, looked down upon, towered above; V. ii. 14.

Pale, enclose, encompass; I. iv. 103.

Parcel, part; V. vi. 38.

Passing, surpassing; V. i. 106.

Passion, violent sorrow; I. iv. 150.

Period, end, finish; V. v. 1.

Pies, magpies; V. vi. 48.

Pinch'd, bitten; II. i. 16.

Pitiful, merciful; III. ii. 32.

Place; "in p.," present; IV. i. 103.

Pleaseth; "him p.," it pleases him; II. vi. 105.

Pleasure, give pleasure (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*please*"; Collier MS., "*please you too*"); III. ii. 22.

Poltroons, cowards (Folios, "*Poultroones*"); I. i. 62.

Post, messenger; V. i. 1.

From a tract entitled *A speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments,* n.d.

Post, haste; I. ii. 48.
Post, hasten; I. ii. 55.
Posted off, put off carelessly; IV. viii. 40.
Power, force, army; II. i. 177.
Prancing, bounding; II. i. 24.
Preachment, high-flown discourse; I. iv. 72.
Prepare, preparation; IV. i. 131.
Prescription, right derived from immemorial custom; III. iii. 94.
Presenteth, represents (Steevens, "*present*"); II. v. 100.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 36.
Pretend, assert; IV. vii. 57.
Prick, mark, dial-point; I. iv. 34.
Prize, privilege (Warburton [from Quartos], "*pride*"; Walker conj. "*praise*"); II. i. 20.
Proteus, the marine god, who had the faculty of assuming whatever shape he pleased; III. ii. 192.

Quaintly, pleasantly; II. v. 24.
Quit, requite, reward; III. iii. 128.

Racking, moving as clouds; II. i. 27.
Ragged, rugged (Folios, "*raged*"); V. iv. 27.
Ramping, rampant; V. ii. 13.
Raught, reached (Folios 3, 4, "*caught*"); I. iv. 68.
Remorse, pity, compassion; III. i. 40.
Rends, tears asunder (Folios, "*rents*"); III. ii. 175.
Repair, repairing hither (Folios 1, 2, "*repayre*"; Folios 3, 4, "*repair*"); V. i. 20.
Resolve, come to a determination; I. i. 49.
Respect; "in r.," in comparison; V. v. 56.
Rest, remain; V. ii. 8.
Resteth, remaineth; I. ii. 44.
Retire, retreat flight; II. i. 150.
Revolt, fall off; I. i. 151.
Rhesus, the Thracian King, who came to the assistance of Troy, but was slaughtered at night by Ulysses and Diomede; IV. ii. 20.
Rids; "r. way," *i.e.* gets rid of distance; V. iii. 21.
Rook'd, squatted; V. vi. 47.
Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome (Pope's emendation; Folios, "*Rossius*"; Hanmer [Warburton], "*Richard*"); V. vi. 10.
Ruinate, ruin; V. i. 83.
Ruthful, piteous (Folios 3, 4, "*rueful*"); II. v. 95.

Sadness, seriousness; III. ii. 77.
Sanctuary, the sanctuary at Westminster, which afforded protection from any persecution; IV. iv. 31.
Scrupulous, "too nice in determinations of conscience"; IV. vii. 61.
Self-place, self-same place, very place; III. i. 11.

Selfsame, the selfsame (Hanmer, "*th'* self-*same*"); II. i. 82.

Sennet, a particular set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 206.

Septentrion, the North; I. iv. 136.

Service; "do thee s.," become thy servitor; V. i. 33.

Shame-faced, bashful; IV. viii. 52.

Ship, take ship (Folio 1, "*shipt*"; Vaughan conj. "*shipp'd*"); IV. v. 21.

Shoot, shot; III. i. 7.

Shriver, confessor; III. ii. 108.

Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. iv. 18.

Sicils, Sicilies; I. iv. 122.

Silly, innocent, helpless, II. v. 43; petty, poor; used contemptuously, III. iii. 93.

Sinew together, knit in strength (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*sinow t.*"); II. vi. 91.

Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; III. ii. 190.

Sith, since; I. i. 110.

Slaughter-man, slayer, butcher; I. iv. 169.

Sleight, artifice, trickery (Rowe, "*slight*"); IV. ii. 20.

Sometime, sometimes; II. ii. 30.

Soothe, to assent to as being true, to humour (Folios, "*sooth*"; Rann, Heath conj. "*smooth*"); III. iii. 175.

Sort, crew, set; II. ii. 97.

Sorts, turns out well; II. i. 209.

Spite, vexation, mortification; V. i. 18.

Spite of spite, come the worst that may; II. iii. 5.

Spleen; "heated s.," fiery impetuosity, heat (Warburton, "*hated spleen*"); II. i. 124.

Sport, disport, amuse; II. v. 34.

Stale, laughing-stock, dupe; III. iii. 260.

State, station, rank; III. ii. 93.

Stay, linger; III. iii. 40.

Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; II. ii. 136.

Stout, brave; IV. ii. 19.

Strategems, dreadful deeds Folios 1, 2, "*stragems*"); II. v. 89.

Strike; "to s.," to lower sail; V. i. 52.

Strike sail, lower, let down sail; III. iii. 5.

Success, result, issue; II. ii. 46.

Suddenly, quickly; IV. ii. 4.

Suffer'd, allowed to have way; IV. viii. 8.

Suspect, suspicion; IV. i. 142.

Tacklings, cordage, rigging (trisyllabic); V. iv. 18.

Tainted, touched, moved; III. i. 40.

Take on, be furious; II. v. 104.

Temper with the stars, act and think in conformity with fate; IV. vi. 29.

Time; "take the t.," improve the opportunity; V. i. 48.

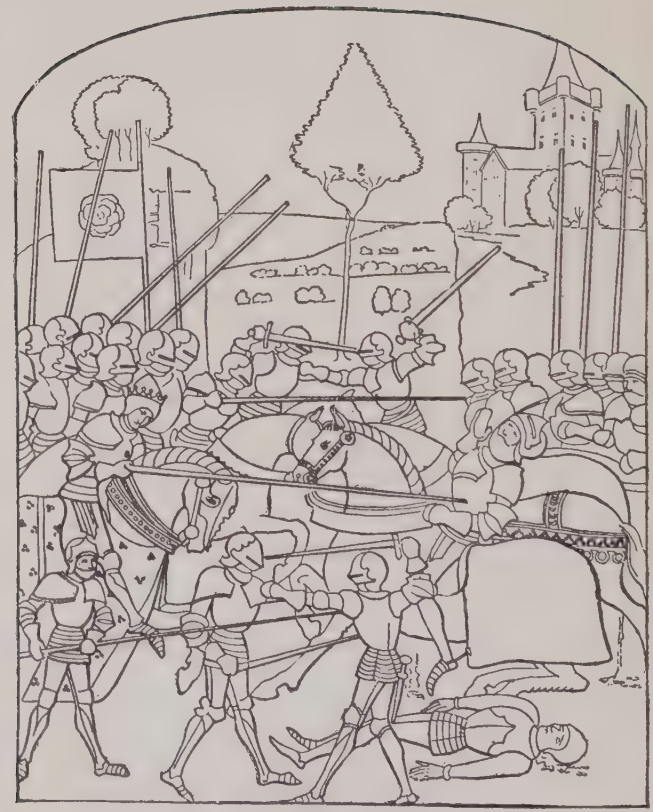
Tire on, seize and feed on ravenously; I. i. 269.

Title, claim, right (Grey conj. "*tale*"); III. i. 48.
Toward, bold; II. ii. 66.
Trow'st, thinkest (Folios, "*trowest*"); V. i. 85.
Troy; "the hope of T.," *i.e.* Hector; II. i. 51.
Trull, harlot; I. iv. 114.
Trumpet, trumpeter; V. i. 16.
Type, sign, badge (*i.e.* the crown), (Lloyd conj. "*style*"); I. iv. 121.

Ulysses, the famous king of Ithaca; III. ii. 189.
Unbid, unbidden, unwelcome; V. i. 18.
Unconstant, inconstant; V. i. 102.
Undoubted, fearless (Capell conj. "*redoubted*"); V. vii. 6.
Unreasonable, not endowed with reason; II. ii. 26.
Untutor'd, uninstructed, raw; V. v. 32.
Unwares, unawares; (Folio 4, "*unawares*"; Hanmer, "*un'wares*"; Vaughan conj. "*unware*"); II. v. 62.
Usest, art accustomed; V. v. 75.
Valued, rated, estimated; V. iii. 14.
Vantages, advantages; III. ii. 25.
Venom, venomous, poisonous (Capell [from Quarto 3], "*venom'd*"); II. ii. 138.
Via, away! an interjection of encouragement; II. i. 182.
Visard-like, like a mask; I. iv. 116.
Vowed, sworn; III. iii. 50.

Waft over, carry over the sea; III. iii. 253.
Waned, declined (Folios, "*wained*"); IV. vii. 4.
Water-flowing, flowing like water, copious; IV. viii. 43.
Wean me, alienate myself (Folios 1, 2, "*waine*"; Folios 3, 4, "*wain*"); IV. iv. 17.
Weeping-ripe, ready to weep; Folios, "*weeping ripe*"); I. iv. 172.
When? an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 49.
Willow garland, the emblem of unhappy love; III. iii. 228.
Wind, scent; III. ii. 14.
Wisp of straw, a mark of disgrace placed on the heads of scolds; II. ii. 144.
Wit, wisdom; IV. vii. 61.
Witch, bewitch; (Folios, "*'witch*"); III. ii. 150.
Withal, with; III. ii. 91.
Witty, full of wit, intelligent; I. ii. 43.

Younker, stripling; II. i. 24.



The Battle of Barnet.
From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 11. '*dangerously*,' Theobald's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*dangerous*.'

I. i. 18. '*But is your grace*'; Pope, '*Is his grace*'; Capell, '*Is your grace*'; Malone (from Quartos), '*What, is your grace*'; Steevens, '*What, 's your grace*'; Lettsom, '*What, Is your grace*.'

I. i. 19. '*hope*'; Capell, '*end*'; Dyce (Anon. conj.), '*hap*.'

I. i. 34. '*thrust you out perforce*'; Rowe, '*thrust you out by force*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*put us out by force*.'

I. i. 36. '*council*'; Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*counsaile*'; Folio 3, '*counsell*'; Folio 4, '*counsel*.'

I. i. 41. '*And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice*'; Quartos, '*be deposde*'; as the line stands in the Folios 'Henry' must be either dissyllabic or monosyllabic.

I. i. 55. '*You both have vow'd*'; Folio 4, '*you have both vow'd*'; Pope, '*you vow'd*'; Collier MS., '*you have vow'd*'; Collier conj. '*both have vow'd*'; Vaughan conj. '*you both vow'd*.'

I. i. 56. '*favourites*'; Capell, '*favourers*.'

I. i. 62. '*poltroons, such as he*'; Folio 1, '*Poultroones, such as he*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Poultroones, and such is he*'; Folio 4, '*Poltroons, and such is he*'; Capell, '*poltroons, and such as he*.'

I. i. 70. '*Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart*.'

I. i. 76. '*I am thine*'; Rowe, '*Henry, I am thine*'; Theobald (from Quartos), '*Thou 'rt deceiv'd, I 'm thine*.'

I. i. 78. '*The earldom was*,' *i.e.* the earldom of March, by which he claimed the throne; Theobald (from Quartos), '*The kingdom is*.'

I. i. 83. '*and that's*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*that's*'; Quartos, '*and that is*'; Collier, '*that is*.'

I. i. 105. '*Thy father*'; '*Thy*,' Rowe's correction (from Quartos) of Folios, '*My*'; '*father*'; Capell conj. '*uncle*.'

I. i. 144. '*his crown*'; Johnson, '*his son*'; Dr. Percy pointed out that Richard II. had no son; Capell (from Quartos), '*the crown*'; Vaughan, '*his line*'; Wordsworth, '*the throne.*'

I. i. 171. '*for this my life-time reign as king*,' the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*for this time*,' etc.: Theobald (from Quartos), '*but reign in quiet, while I live.*'

I. i. 261. '*from*,' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4, and Quartos; Folio 1, '*to.*'

I. i. 268. '*cost*,' so Folios; Hanmer, '*truss*'; Warburton, '*coast*,' *i.e.* 'watch and follow, or hover round'; Steevens, '*cote*'; Jackson, '*court*'; Dyce, '*souse.*' Warburton's emendation is generally adopted by modern editors.

I. ii. 16. '*any*'; Dyce, '*an.*' (?) '*But for a kingdom may an oath be broken.*'

I. ii. 38. '*shalt to the Duke of Norfolk*'; the reading of Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, '*shalt be D. of N.*'; Rowe, '*shall go to the D. of N.*'; Pope, '*shalt to th' D. of N. go*'; Steevens, '*shalt unto the D. of N.*'; Vaughan, '*shalt straight to the D. of N.*'

I. ii. 40. '*Lord Cobham*'; Hanmer, '*Lord of Cobham.*'

I. iii. 48. '*Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ*'; *i.e.* 'The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory' (Ovid, *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*).

I. iv. 109. '*sake*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*death.*'

I. iv. 150. '*passion moves*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*passions move*'; Folio 1, '*passions moues.*'

I. iv. 152, 153. '*That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood*'; Warburton's arrangement (from Quartos); printed as three lines in Folios, ending *his . . . toucht . . . blood.* For '*with blood*' Folios 2, 3, 4 read '*the roses just with blood*'; Theobald, '*the roses juic'd with blood*'; Hanmer, '*the roses just i' th' bud*'; Collier MS., '*the rose's hues with blood.*'

I. iv. 169. '*to all*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*of all.*'

II. i. 20. '*Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son*'; so Folios; Warburton (from Quartos), '*pride.*'

II. i. 113. Omitted in Folios, added by Steevens (from Quartos).

II. i. 131. '*idle*,' Capell's emendation (from Quartos) of Folios, '*lazy.*'

II. i. 146. '*Your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy*,' *i.e.* Isabel, daughter of John I. King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt; she was, therefore, really third cousin to Edward, and not aunt.

II. i. 182. *'to London will we march amain'*; Theobald's emendation (from Quartos); Folios read *'to London will we march'*; Hanmer, *'straight to London will we march.'*

II. i. 190. *'fail'st'*; Steevens, *'fall'st'*; Quartos, *'faints.'*

II. ii. 47-48. *cp.* Greene's *Royal Exchange*:—"It hath been an old proverb, that happy is that son whose father goes to the devil," etc.

II. ii. 147. *'Although thy husband may be Menelaus,' cp. Troilus and Cressida,* V. i. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

II. ii. 172. *'deniest,'* Warburton's correction (from Quartos); Folios 1, 2, *'denied'st'*; Folios 3, 4, *'deni'dst.'*

II. ii. 177. *'these'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'thy.'*

II. iii. 37. *'Thou setter up and plucker down of kings*; *cp. Daniel* ii. 21, "He removeth kings and setteth up kings."

II. iii. 43. *'in earth'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'in the earth'*; Pope, *'on earth.'*

II. iii. 49. *'all together,'* Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'altogether.'*

II. iii. 53. *'wear'*; Collier MS., *'wore'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'ware.'*

II. v. 26. *'make'*; Folios, *'makes.'*

II. v. 38. *'months'*; Rowe, *'weeks, months.'*

II. v. 44. *'rich embroidered canopy'*; embroidery was a favourite occupation in this period, as is illustrated by the accompanying drawing from the MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 2 B. vii.

Embroidery (see note on II. v. 44).

II. v. 60. *'as this dead man doth me'*; Hanmer, *'as this dead man to me'*; Wordsworth, *'as this dead doth to me.'*

II. v. 80. *'hast,'* the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'hath.'*

II. v. 87. *'kill,'* Rowe's correction of Folios, *'kills.'*

II. v. 92, 93. *'O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late'*; much has been written on these lines, the difficulty being in the words *'too late'*; the simplest meaning of the phrase seems to be *'when too late'*; others explain *'too late'* = 'too recently.' The Quartos read *'too late'* in the first line, and *'too soon'* in the second.

The force of the crude couplet seems to be:—O boy, too soon thy father gave thee life (better thou had'st never been born!); too late he discovers that the fatal blow was aimed at *thee*.

II. v. 119. '*Even*,' Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, '*Men*'; Folio 4, '*Man*'; Rowe, '*Sad*'; Mitford, '*Mere*'; Delius (Mitford conj.) '*Son*'; Collier MS., '*E'en*'; Keightley conj. ''*Fore men*' or '*To men*'; Anon. conj., '*Main*,' etc.

II. vi. 6. '*And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts*,' Rowe's reading; Folios, '*fall. Thy*'; Rann, '*fall, that*'; Johnson conjectured '*fall, the*'; '*commixture melts*.' Steevens' correction (from Quartos); Folio 1, '*Commixtures melts*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Commixtures melt*.'

II. vi. 8. Omitted in Folios. Restored by Theobald (from Quartos).

II. vi. 17. Omitted by Capell, following Quartos.

II. vi. 42-45. The assignment to the speakers is due to Capell, following Quartos, which here are more correct than Folios.

II. vi. 80. '*If this right hand would buy two hours' life*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*would this right hand buy but an hour's life*'; Folio 1, '*two hours*''; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*but two hours*'.'

II. vi. 82. '*This hand should*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*I'd*.'

II. vi. 100. '*in thy shoulder*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*on thy s*.'

III. i. '*Enter two keepers*'; Folios, '*Enter Sinklo and Humfrey*'; "as Sinklo is certainly the name of an Actor who is mentioned in the stage directions in *The Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. i. 86), and in *Henry IV*., Part II. (Act v. Sc. 4), there is a great probability that Humphrey is the name of another Actor; perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humfrey Jeaffes. Neither of these is mentioned in the list of 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio" (Camb. Editors).

III. i. 13. '*Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book*,' Malone's emendation; Folios, '*Enter the King with a Prayer booke*'; Collier MS., adds, '*disguised as a Churchman*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Enter King Henrie disguisde*.'

III. i. 14. '*To greet mine own land with my wishful sight*'; Rann (from Quartos), '*and thus disguis'd to greet my native land*.'

III. i. 17. '*wast*,' the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, '*was*.'

III. i. 24. '*thee, sour adversity*'; Dyce's emendation; Folios, '*the sower Adversaries*'; Pope, '*these sour adversities*'; Clarke's Concordance, '*these sour adversaries*'; Delius, '*the sour adversities*.'

III. i. 55. *'thou that talk'st,'* etc.; Rowe's emendation; Quartos, *'thou that talkes,'* etc.; Folios, *'thou talk'st,'* etc.; Collier, *'thou talkest,'* etc.

III. i. 60. *'and that's enough'*; Rann (from Quartos), *'though not in shew.'*

III. i. 97. *'We charge you, in God's name, and the king's'*; *'You'*; Anon. conj., *'you now'* or *'you then'*; *'and the king's'*; Rowe, *'and in the king's.'*

III. ii. 2. *'Richard'*; the reading of Folios and Quartos; Pope (from Hall), *'John.'*

III. ii. 3. *'lands'*; Capell's correction (from Quartos); Folios, *'land.'*

III. ii. 6-7. *'In quarrel of the House of York,'* etc.; but in reality Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry.

III. ii. 32. *'then'*; Quartos, *'them.'*

III. ii. 108. *''twas for shift'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3 reads, *''twas for a shift'*; Folio 4, *'it was for a shift.'*

III. ii. 110. *'very sad'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'sad.'*

III. ii. 119. *'your prisoner'*; the reading of Folios; Capell (from Quartos), *'as prisoner'*; Id. conj., *'a prisoner.'*

III. ii. 143. *'Flattering me with impossibilities'*; Pope, *'Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible'*; (*'me'* = 'myself').

III. ii. 156. *'shrub'*; Quartos, *'shrimpe.'*

III. ii. 170. *'Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'Until this . . . head'*; Pope, *'Until the . . . head'*; Thirlby, *'Until the head of this mis-shapen trunk'*; Hanmer, *'Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear,'* etc.

III. ii. 193. *'the murderous Machiavel'*; Warburton (from Quartos), *'th' aspiring Catiline'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Macheuill'*; Folio 4, *'Matchevil.'*

III. iii. 3. *'while Lewis doth sit'*; Rowe, *'whiles Lewis sits'*; Pope, *'while Lewis sits.'*

III. iii. 11. *'seat'*; Walker conj. *'state.'*

III. iii. 42. *'waiteth on true sorrow'*; Warburton, *'waiting rues to-morrow.'*

III. iii. 45. *'Our'*; Collier MS., *'The'*; Vaughan conj. *'Proud.'*

III. iii. 75. *'thy'*; Johnson, *'thee.'*

III. iii. 96. *'thirty and six years'*; Quartos, *'thirtie and eight'*; the correct number, according to Malone.

III. iii. 124. *'an eternal plant'*; Warburton's emendation (from

Quartos) ; Folios read '*an externall p.*' ; Hanmer, '*a perennial p.*"

III. iii. 127. '*Exempt from envy, but not from disdain*' ; *i.e.* not liable to malice or hatred, altho' not secured from female disdain.

III. iii. 133. '*tempted*' ; Vaughan, '*temper'd.*'

III. iii. 156. '*Warwick, peace*' ; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4 ; Folio 1, '*Warwick.*'

III. iii. 228. '*I'll,*' Capell (from Quartos) ; Folios read '*I.*'

III. iii. 233, 234. '*But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men*' ; Theobald, '*But, Warwick, Thyself and . . . men*' ; Hanmer, '*But Warwick, thou Thyself and . . . men*' ; Steevens, '*But Warwick, thou And . . . men*' ; Collier MS., '*But, Warwick, thou And . . . warlike men*' ; Keightley, '*But, Warwick, Thou and Lord . . . men*' ; Anon. conj., '*But, Warwick, thou And . . . men of mine.*' Perhaps, as an anonymous scholar has suggested, the line should be read as an Alexandrine.

III. iii. 242. '*Mine eldest daughter*' ; the reading of Folios (following Quartos) ; Theobald (from Holinshed), '*my younger d.*' It was, however, Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married.

III. iii. 253. '*Shalt,*' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4 ; Folio 1, '*Shall.*'

IV. i. 13. '*our*' ; Capell, '*your.*'

IV. i. 17. '*And shall*' ; Rowe, '*And you shall*' ; Walker, '*Ay and shall,*' or '*Marry, and shall.*'

IV. i. 41. '*But the safer*' ; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Yes, but the safer*' ; S. Walker conj. '*But then the safer*' ; Keightley, '*Ay, but the safer*' ; Anon. conj., '*But yet the safer*' ; Vaughan, '*But all the safer*' ; Folio 2, '*safter.*'

IV. i. 42. '*using*' ; Vaughan, '*losing.*'

IV. i. 66. '*brother's*' ; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Brothers*' ; Anon. conj., '*brothers'.*'

IV. i. 73, 74. '*dislike . . . Doth*' ; Folios, '*dislikes . . . Doth*' ; Rowe, '*dislikes . . . Do.*'

IV. i. 89, 90. '*therefore, in brief, Tell me*' ; Folio 1, '*Therefore, in briefe, tell me*' ; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*Therefore, in briefe, tell*' ; Pope, '*So tell.*'

IV. i. 93. '*thy*' ; Rowe (from Quartos) ; Folios, '*the.*'

IV. i. 118. '*elder . . . younger*' ; Folios (from Quartos) ; Theobald, '*younger . . . elder.*'

IV. i. 126. '*the love*' ; Pope, '*love.*'

IV. i. 128. '*Yet am I arm'd*' ; Vaughan, '*Yet am I warn'd.*'

IV. ii. 12. *'Sweet Clarence'*; Pope, *'friend'*; Capell, *'Clarence.'* Many modern editions omit *'but.'*

IV. ii. 15. *'towns'*; Theobald (Thirlby conj.); Folios, *'town.'*

IV. ii. 21. It had been prophesied that if the horses of the Thracian Rhesus drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains, the Greeks would never take Troy. Wherefore Diomede and Ulysses killed him at night, and carried off his horses. *Vide* Iliad, x.; Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* xiii. 98-108, 249-252; Virgil, *Æneid,* i. 469-473.

IV. iii. 14. *'keeps'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'keepes'*; Theobald, *'keepeth'*; Hanmer, *'keeps here'*; Vaughan, *'keeps out'*; Keightley, *'field here.'*

IV. iii. 15. *'more dangerous'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'the more d.'*; Hanmer, *'dangerous.'*

IV. iii. 41. *'Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?'*; Pope, *'Brother of C., and art thou here too?'*; Capell, *'Yea, brother of C., and art thou here too?'*

IV. iii. 55. *'tell what answer'*; Pope, *'tell you what reply'*; Capell, *'tell his grace what answer'*; Keightley, *'tell him what answer'*; Anon. conj., *'tell the duke what answer'*; Dyce, *'tell him there what answer.'*

IV. iv. 11. *'new committed'*; Rowe, *'now committed.'*

IV. iv. 19. *'is it that makes me bridle passion'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, *'is it . . . my passion'*; Folio 4, *'is . . . my passion"*; Rowe, *'is it . . . in my passion'*; Pope, *'is't . . . in my passion'*; Vaughan, *'is it, makes . . . passion.'*

IV. v. 16. *'brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings'*; Pope, *'brother Glo'ster, Hastings'*; Collier MS., *'brother of Gloster, Hastings.'*

IV. v. 21. *'Flanders'*; Vaughan suggests the addition of the words, *'as I guess.'*

IV. vi. 55. *'be confiscate'*; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, *'confiscate'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'confiscated.'*

IV. vii. 8. *Ravenspurgh,* the name of a sea-port in Yorkshire; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Rauenspurre'*; Quartos 1, 3, *'Raunspur'*; *'Ravenspurgh haven before'*; Pope omits *'haven'*; Steevens conj. *'fore.'*

IV. vii. 30. *'A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded'*; *'captain'* probably trisyllabic; Keightley, *'I' faith, a wise'*; Collier MS., *'captain he'*; Delius (Lettsom conj.), *'capitain'*; Cartwright, *'captain, faith'*; Pope, *'persuaded soon.'*

IV. vii. 57. *'shall'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'should.'*

IV. viii. In the Folios, Somerset is named in the stage direction, though he had gone with young Richmond into Brittany. The mistake arose, as the Cambridge Eds. point out, from the Quartos, in which Scenes vi. and viii. form but one.

IV. viii. 2. *'hasty Germans'*; S. Walker, *'lusty'*; Cartwright, *'hardy.'*

IV. viii. 43. *'water-flowing tears'*; Capell, *'water-flowing eyes'*; Collier MS., *'bitter-flowing tears'*; Vaughan, *'wet o'er-flowing tears.'*

IV. viii. 61. *'hoped-for hay'*; Quartos, *'hope for haie'*; Malone proposed, altogether unnecessarily, to change the words to *'hope for aye.'*

V. i. 6. *'Daintry,'* popular pronunciation of Daventry.

V. i. 50. *'I had'*; Pope, *'I'd.'*

V. i. 73. *'Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset'*; "Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Alban's, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463" (Ritson).

V. i. 78. *'whom an'*; Rowe's emendation; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'whom, an'*; Folio 1, *'whom, in.'*

V. i. 86. *'That Clarence is'*; Steevens conj. *'Clarence, so harsh, so blunt'*; Quartos, *'so harsh'* (*so blunt* omitted); Collier conj. *'so harsh, so blind'*; Mitford, *'so harsh'* or *'so blunt'*; S. Walker, *'blunt-unnatural'*; Anon. conj., *'brute-unnatural.'*

V. i. 91. *'Jephthah's'*; Rowe, *'Jepthah's'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Iephah'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Jepthah.'*

V. ii. 44. *'clamour,'* Warburton's reading from Quartos; Folios, *'cannon.'*

V. ii. 47-49. The arrangement of the lines in the Quartos; they form three lines in Folios, and have been variously arranged by editors.

V. iii. 5. *'our glorious sun,'* alluding to the cognizance of Edward.

V. iv. 18. *'The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings'*; S. Walker, *'Our . . . our,'* or *'These . . . our,'* etc.; Cartwright, *'Our . . . the,'* etc.; Pope, *'tacklings still'*; Johnson, *'tackling still'*; *'tacklings'* is evidently trisyllabic in this passage.

V. iv. 75. *'mine eyes'*; Capell (from Quartos); Folios, *'my eye.'*

V. v. 1. *'Now here'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Now here's'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'Lo, here.'*

V. v. 2. *'Hames'*; the reading of Quartos and Folios; *'Ham'* in Picardy; Rowe reads *'Hammes'*; Hanmer, *'Holmes'*; Capell, *'Hammes'*; Delius, *'Ham's.'*

V. v. 38. *'thou'*; Rowe (from Quarto 3); Folios (Quartos 1, 2), *'the.'*

V. v. 50. *'The Tower, the Tower'*; Capell's reading; Folios, *'Tower, the Tower'*; Theobald (from Quartos), *'The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out'*; Steevens, *'The Tower, man, Tower!'*

V. v. 77, 78. Steevens' reading, which is nearest to Quartos; Folio 1, *'Where is that devil's butcher, Richard? Hard favor'd Richard,'* etc.

V. vi. 20. *'fool'*; Seymour conj. (from Quartos) *'fowl.'*

V. vi. 41. *'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'*; Anon. conj. (from Quartos), *'Wives for their husbands, fathers for their sons'*; Folio 1, *'sonnes, . . . husbands'*; Folio 2, *'sonnes, . . . husbands fate'*; Folios 3, 4, *'sons . . . husbands fate'*; Warburton, *'sons . . . husbands' fate'*; Knight, *'sons' . . . husbands,'* etc.

V. vi. 45. *'aboding luckless time'*; Quartos, *'aboding . . . tune'*; Theobald, *'a boding . . . tune.'*

V. vi. 48. *'discords'*; Grant White (from Quartos), *'discord.'*

V. vi. 51. *'To wit, an indigested and deformed lump'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'to wit an indigest deformed lump'*; Dyce (Capell conj.) omits *'to wit.'*

V. vi. 79. After this line, Theobald inserts from Quartos, *"I had no father, I am like no father.'*

V. vii. 30. The Camb. editor quotes from Steevens:—"In my copy of the second Folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased *Cla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a Royal name."

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

9. The circumstances of old Clifford's death are here stated as they really were. The historical discrepancies in these plays have already been frequently pointed out. Of course the personal fight of York and Clifford in the former play was for dramatic effect; and here the author probably fell back upon the historical facts without thinking of his preceding fiction.

14. *brother*:—In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as *brothers*. Perhaps the dramatist thought that John Neville, Marquess of Montague, was brother to York's wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the Earl of Warwick; and the Duchess of York was half-sister to their father, the Earl of Salisbury.

105. *Thy father was . . . Duke of York*:—His father was *not* Duke of York, but Earl of Cambridge, and even that title was forfeited, leaving this duke plain Richard Plantagenet, until he was advanced by the King. Accordingly, Exeter has said, a few lines before, "He *made* thee Duke of York." So that here we have another discrepancy, and that in the same Scene.

190. They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

204. *reconciled*:—The terms of this compromise are thus given in Hall and Holinshed: "After long debating of the matter

amongest the peeres, prelats, and commons, upon the vigill of All-saints it was condescended, for so much as King Henrie had beene taken as king by the space of thirtie and eight yeares and more, that he should injoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realme during his naturall life. And if he either died, or resigned, or forfeited the same by breaking or going against anie point of this concord, then the said crowne and authoritie roiall should immediately be devoluted and come to the Duke of Yorke, if he then lived; or else to the next heire of his linage. And that the Duke of Yorke from thense foorth should be protectour and regent of the land."

239. *Falconbridge*:—This was Thomas, natural son of William Neville Lord Falconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned.

272. *cousin*:—Henry Holland, this Duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the King, his grandfather, John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II., having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntingdon was his inheritance, and he was created Duke of Exeter in 1444.

Scene II.

22, 23. "The obligation of an oath is here avoided," says Johnson, "by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself), in the foregoing play, was rational and just."

59. From the hollow reconciliation signified in the foregoing Scene, both parties went directly to preparing for war. The battle of Wakefield followed soon after.

Scene III.

39. *ere I was born*:—Edmund, Earl of Rutland, was born May 17, 1443; the battle of Saint Alban's, where Clifford's father was killed, took place May 22, 1455. At that time, therefore, Rutland

was in his thirteenth year, and in his eighteenth at the time of his death, December 30, 1460. However, Hall and Holinshed make him to have been seven at the former time and twelve at the latter. The *one son* of the Lord Clifford here was named Henry, and, says Holinshed, "was brought up with a sheepheard in poore habit, ever in feare to be knowne, till King Henrie the seventh obteined the crowne, by whom he was restored to his name and possessions." He is the subject of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*. This grand lyric closes thus:—

> "Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
> The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
> And, ages after he was laid in earth,
> 'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

47. *therefore, die*:—This savage slaughter of Rutland is thus related by Hall: "Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for himself and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, towards the town: but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance; for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so I will do thee and all thy kin: and with that word he struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had said and done."

Scene IV.

1 *et seq.* The story of the battle here described by York is thus told by the chronicler: "The Duke of Summerset and the Queenes part appointed the Lord Clifford to lie in one stale, and the Earle of Wiltshire in another, and the duke with the other to keepe the maine battell. The Duke of Yorke descended downe the hill in good order and arraie; but when he was in the plaine betweene his castell and the towne of Wakefield, he was in-

vironed on everie side, like fish in a net, so that, though he fought manfullie, yet was he within halfe an houre slaine, and his whole armie discomfited."

108. *do him dead*:—The piece of exquisite inhumanity, which furnished the basis of this scene, is thus narrated by the chroniclers: "The same Lord Clifford came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of Yorke laie, caused his head to be striken off, and set on it a crowne of paper, fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the Queene, not lieng farre from the field, in great despite; at which great rejoising was showed: but they laughed then that shortlie after lamented, and were glad then of other mens deaths, that knew not their owne to be so neere at hand." Thus far Holinshed copies Hall, and then adds the following: "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill; on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of serges or bulrushes; and, having so crowned him, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did unto Christ, in scorne, saieng to him, 'Haile, king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile, duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length, having thus scorned him with these and diverse other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which they presented to the Queene."

180. "After this victorie," says Holinshed, "the Earle of Salisburie and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded; whose heads, togither with the Duke of Yorkes head, were conveied to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the city."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

25. *three suns*:—The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2, 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day: "At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the Earle of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogither in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enimies put them to flight: and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sunne in his full brightnesse for his badge or cognizance."

27. *racking*:—The original of this word is *reek*. *Rack*, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. 9, 10: "That which is now a horse, even with a thought the *rack* dislimns and makes it indistinct."

48, 49. *O, speak no more*, etc.:—The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

141. The second battle of Saint Alban's, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the king was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the Queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late Parliament.

142 *et seq.* This is slightly at variance with fact. The dramatist anticipates. York's sons, George and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown. And the Duchess of Burgundy was not their *aunt*, but their third cousin.

Scene II.

73, 74. *I would your highness*, etc.:—Hall tells us that the Queen was "fortunate in hir two battels, but unfortunate was the King in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie fled ever from him to the other part."

Scene III.

[*A field of battle*, etc.] Soon after the second battle of Saint Alban's, Edward, coming fresh from his victory at Mortimer's Cross, united his forces with those under Warwick and Montague, and marched straight to London, which he knew was altogether of his faction. A few days later, a great council being held, it was resolved that Henry, by joining the Queen's forces, had broken the late compact, and forfeited the crown to Edward, the heir to

Richard late Duke of York. Edward then made harangues to the people, who with shouts and acclamations, ratified the sentence of the council; whereupon he was proclaimed King. This was done March 4, 1461. The 12th of the same month he started northward with a large army, intending to finish the war at one stroke. "King Henrie," says Holinshed, "having his armie in readinesse, committed the governance thereof to the Duke of Summerset, the Earle of Northumberland, and the Lord Clifford, as men desiring to revenge the death of their parents, slaine at the first battell at saint Albons."

15. *Thy brother's blood*:—"The Lord Clifford," according to Holinshed, "determined to make a charge upon them that kept the passage of Ferrybridge; and so he departed with his light horsemen, and earlie, yer his enimies were aware, slue the keepers, and wan the bridge. The lord Fitz Walter, hearing the noise, suddenlie rose out of his bed, and, thinking it had been a fraie amongst his men, came downe to appease the same; but yer he knew what the matter meant was slaine, and with him *the bastard of Salisburie, brother to the Earle of Warwicke*."

24. *I'll kill my horse,* etc.:—Holinshed says that "when the Earle of Warwicke was informed" of the affair treated in the preceding note, "like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to King Edward, saieng, 'Sir, I praie God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives.' With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng, 'Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me.'"

Scene V.

3. *blowing of his nails*:—This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do.

5 *et seq.* So in Holinshed: "This deadlie conflict continued ten houres in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides."

21 *et seq.* "This speech," says Johnson, "is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the King, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity." There are preserved some verses attributed to King

Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character. They are here subjoined, that the reader may compare them with the congenial thoughts the dramatist has attributed to him:—

"Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy game,
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood."

77, 78. *let our hearts,* etc.:—Johnson's interpretation of this is probably right: "The state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves." Of course these instances of unwitting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of this civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning the battle of Towton: "This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

139. The great battle of Towton was fought March 29, 1461, the day after the action at Ferrybridge. Its effect was to fix the crown on the brow of Edward. Holinshed's account of it is mainly copied from Hall: "This battell was sore foughten, for hope of life was set aside on either part, and taking of prisoners proclaimed a great offense; so everie man determined to vanquish or die in the field. But in the end King Edward so couragiouslie comforted his men, that the other part was discomfitted and overcome; who, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves, where in the mid waie is a little brooke called Cocke, not verie broad, but of great deepnesse, in which, what for hast to escape, and what for feare of their followers, a great number was drowned. It was reported that men alive passed the river upon dead carcasses, and that the great river of Wharfe whereinto

that brooke dooth run, and all the water comming from Towton, was coloured with bloud. The chase continued all night and the most part of the next daie, and ever the northerne men, as they saw anie advantage, returned againe, and fought with their enimies, to the great losse of both parts. For in these two daies were slaine, as they that knew it wrote, on both parts six and thirtie thousand seven hundred threescore and sixteene persons, all Englishmen and of one nation."

Scene VI.

[*Enter Clifford, wounded.*] In the old play the stage direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this by introducing Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* with *a forked arrow through his head.* The circumstance is related by Holinshed: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget, suddenlie with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throte,* and immediately rendered his spirit."

56-59. *Bring forth . . . speak*:—In the Quarto this speech stands thus:—

> "Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
> That nothing sung to us but blood and death:
> Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak."

So in *Richard III.,* IV. iv. 509: "Out on you, *owls! nothing but songs of death?*"

77-84. *What, not an oath,* etc.:—This most characteristic speech is but slightly altered from the Quarto: "Could such a union of sarcastic humour and bloody-thoughtedness," asks Hudson, "have sprung from any but the author of Richard's character as developed in the play which bears his name?"

85, 86. *off with the traitor's head,* etc.:—So the chroniclers: "After this great victorie, King Edward rode to Yorke; and first he caused the heads of his father, the Earle of Salisburie, and other his freends, to be taken from the gates, and to be buried with their bodies, and there he caused the Earle of Devonshire and three other to be beheaded, and set their heads in the same place."

107. *Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous*:—Holinshed, after

Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath beene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this Duke Humfrie; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them King Richard the Third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horsse, whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

9. *for the time . . . tedious*:—That—or in order that—the time may not seem tedious: a mode of expression often found in the old writers.

13. [*Enter King Henry*, etc.] The dramatist here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the King fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the Queen and the Prince to France. In October, 1463, the Queen returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the King. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow the King escaped a second time into Scotland; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this Scene. Such, at least, is the account given by Hall and Holinshed.

23. *let 's seize upon him*:—We have already mentioned the taking of King Henry. Lingard probably has the truth of the matter. His account differs from that of the chroniclers. He tells us that after the battle of Hexham the King "sought an asylum among the natives of Lancashire and Westmoreland, a people sincerely devoted to his interests. Their fidelity enabled him for more than a year to elude the vigilance and researches of the government; but he was at last betrayed by the perfidy of a monk of Abingdon, and taken by the servants of Sir James Harrington, as he sat at dinner in Waddington hall in Yorkshire. At Islington he was met by Warwick, who ordered that no one should show him any respect, tied his feet to the stirrups as a

prisoner, led him thrice round the pillory, and conducted him to the Tower. There he was treated with humanity, but kept in the most rigorous confinement for some years."

53, 54. *O Margaret,* etc.:—"The piety of Henry," observes Steevens, "scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful Queen."

Scene II.

1-7. This seems a very needless departure from fact. Grey's lands were not seized by the Queen, who conquered in the second battle of Saint Alban's, where he fell, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in *Richard III.,* I. iii.:—

> "In all which time you and your husband Grey
> Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
> And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
> In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?"

117. *Her suit is granted*:—The first meeting of Edward with the lady Elizabeth is thus noted in the *Chronicles*: "The King, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the Duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to Sir Richard Woodvile Lord Rivers, on whome was then attendant a daughter of hirs, called the Ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of Sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last battell of saint Albons. This widow, having a sute to the King for such lands as hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the Kings affections, that he not onelie favoured hir sute, but more hir person. For she was a woman of a more formall countenance, than of excellent beautie; and yet both of such beautie and favour, that with hir sober demeanour, sweete looks, and comelie smiling, neither too wanton nor too bashfull, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so alured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, with so good maner, and words so well set as better could not be devised, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose."

124 *et seq.* This speech of Gloucester's is a great enlargement

and improvement upon the Quarto. Nevertheless, the most characteristic parts are found there, insomuch that no one, it should seem, can well avoid the conclusion, that the original form of the speech could have come from none other than the delineator of the full-grown Richard. But the reader may judge for himself:—

> Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
> Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
> That from his loins no issue might succeed,
> To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
> For I am not yet look'd on in the world.
> First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
> And his son, and all they look for issue
> Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
> A cold premeditation for my purpose!
> What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
> I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
> And lull myself within a lady's lap,
> And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
> O, monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
> Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
> And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
> She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
> And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
> Where sits deformity to mock my body;
> To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
> To make my legs of an unequal size.
> And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
> Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
> But! I can smile, and murder when I smile;
> I cry, content, to that which grieves me most,
> I can add colours to the chameleon;
> And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
> And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
> Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
> Tush! were it ten times higher, I 'll pull it down."

161. *an unlick'd bear-whelp*:—Johnson tells us that "it was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears."

166, 167. *to o'erbear*, etc.:—"Richard," says Johnson, "speaks here the language of nature. . . . The truth is, that the de-

formed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."

193. *Machiavel*:—The anachronism is repeated here which occurs in 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iv. 74. The writers of Shakespeare's time frequently had this allusion.

Scene III.

44. [*Enter Warwick.*] The part which Warwick is made to act in this Scene, though amply justified by the *Chronicles,* seems to have little or no foundation in fact. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464, and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the fall of 1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm. The causes that finally set the earl so fiercely against his royal creature are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as has been said, "we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in those who are under obligations too great to be discharged."

103. *done to death*:—This was during Edward's first Parliament, in 1461, and is thus mentioned in the *Chronicles*: "The Earle of Oxford, far striken in age, and his sonne and heire, the Lord Awbreie Veer, either through malice of their enimies, or for that they had offended the King, were both, with diverse of their counsellors, attainted and put to execution; which caused John Earle of Oxford ever after to rebell."

105. *door of death*:—This passage brings to mind that fine image of old age in Sackville's *Mirror for Magistrates*: "His withered fist still knocking at death's door."

187. *his death*:—This is erroneous. Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York.

188. *the abuse done to my niece*:—"King Edward," says Holinshed, "did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *neece,* the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

56, 57. *you would not have bestowed the heir,* etc.:—Formerly minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the King, who often *bestowed* them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased.

58. *your brothers*:—The King's advancement of his wife's family is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Hir father was created earle Rivers, and made high constable of England: hir brother, Lord Anthonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas Lord Scales: Sir Thomas Graie, sonne to Sir John Graie, the Queens first husband, was created Marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the Lord Bonville." In fact, however, the Queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the King's niece, daughter and heiress to the Duke of Exeter. These things were done in the spring of 1465, the King's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the Queen having been introduced at court and crowned.

70. *not ignoble*:—Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother Jaquetta, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

118-123. *Belike the elder,* etc.:—Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the King's hearing. When the Earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the Queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me follow me."

Scene III.

51 *et seq.* This capture of Edward is related by the chroniclers as having taken place in the latter part of 1469. Thus Holinshed: "After the battell at Hedgecote, commonlie called Banberie field, the northerne men resorted toward Warwike, where the earle had gathered a great multitude of people. The King in this meane time had assembled his power, and was comming toward the earle, who, being advertised thereof, sent to the Duke of Clarence, requiring him to come and joine with him. The duke being not

farre off, with all speed repaired to the earle, and so they joined their powers together, upon secret knowledge had, that the King tooke small heed to himselfe, nothing doubting anie outward attempt of his enimies. The earle, intending not to leese such opportunitie, in the dead of the night, with an elect companie of men, set on the Kings field, killing them that kept the watch, and yer the King was ware, at a place called Wolnie, he was taken prisoner and brought to the castell of Warwike. And, to the intent his friends should not know what was become of him, the earle caused him by secret journies in the night to be conveied to Middleham castell in Yorkeshire, and there to be kept under the custodie of the Archbishop of Yorke, and other his freends in those parties."

Scene V.

13. *set him free*:—So in Holinshed: "King Edward, being thus in captivitie, spake ever faire to the archbishop, and to his other keepers, so that he had leave diverse daies to go hunt. Now on a daie, when he was thus abrode, there met with him Sir William Stanlie and diverse other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to returne unto prison againe. After that he was once at libertie, he came to Yorke, where he was joifullie received, and taried there two daies; but when he perceived he could get no armie togither in that countrie, he turned to Lancaster, where he found his chamberlaine the Lord Hastings well accompanied, by whose aid he came safelie to London." "By modern writers," says Lingard, "the captivity of Edward has been scornfully rejected. But they should have accounted for the mention which is made of it by almost every writer of the age, whether foreigner or native. There is a record which places the imprisonment beyond a doubt, the attainder of Clarence, in which the King enumerates it among his offences: 'as in jupartyng the King's royall estate, persone and life *in straite warde*, putting him thereby from all his libertie, aftre procurying grete commocions.'"

Scene VI.

67. *young Henry*:—This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers.

Scene VII.

[*King Edward.*] In October, 1470, about a year after his escape from York, Edward, having failed in several schemes for recovering his power, embarked from Lynn, and sought refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, who had lately been married to his sister. Being there fitted out with a fleet and fifteen hundred men, he returned to England, and landed at Ravenspurgh, the same place where Bolingbroke had come on a similar errand in 1399. In less than two months after his landing, Edward was again on the throne: but his course was one of inexpressible perfidy; "still bruiting that his comming was not to chalenge the crowne, but onelie the duchie of Yorke"; and when at last, on this ground, he was let into the city of York, he "received the sacrament, and there solemnlie sware to keepe and observe two speciall articles—the one, that he should use the citizens after a gentle and courteous maner, the other, that he should be faithfull and obedient unto King Henries commandments."

Scene VIII.

52. *Henry*:—On this occasion Henry was betrayed into the hands of Edward by the Archbishop of York, in whose care he had been left by Warwick. On the morning of April 11th, 1471, the archbishop, who was brother to Warwick, had Henry out to an official ride through the streets of London, and in the evening he gave orders for Edward to be admitted by a postern. The excuse which he alleged was, that he found the city bent on having Edward for their king. Henry, however, was not remanded to the Tower till after his cause was again crushed in the battle of Barnet.

60, 61. *The sun shines hot*, etc.:—The allusion is to the proverb "Make hay while the sun shines."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

28. *Duke of York*:—Hudson says that in this play and in the one preceding "the character of Richard is set forth in the processes of development and formation; whereas in *Richard III.* we

have little else than the working-out of his character as already formed. In Shakespeare's time the prevailing idea of Richard was derived from the history of his life and reign, put forth by Sir Thomas More, but supposed to have been partly written by Dr. John Morton, himself a part of the subject. More's *History*, as it is commonly called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed."

Scene II.

11-13. *cedar . . . slept*:—These lines bring to mind the well-known words of Ezekiel, xxxi. 6: "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young."

28. *die we must*:—The great Earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471. The chroniclers relate that "the Earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with woundes and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enimies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his companie to slea his adversaries, that he could not be rescued, was amongst the preasse of his enimies striken downe and slaine."

44. *clamour in a vault*:—Steevens remarks that the indistinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate this simile; and he adds that such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted the author's notice.

Scene IV.

9. *to that which hath too much*:—So Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag, as told in *As You Like It*, II. i.:—

> "Thou makest a testament
> As worldlings do, *giving thy sum of more*
> *To that which had too much.*"

Scene V.

3. *Somerset*:—The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the Duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary and beheaded. The Queen and the Prince had been in France for some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the very day of the battle of Barnet. We are

told that when the Queen got news of that disaster, "all her hopes were instantly broken: she sank to the ground in despair; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened with her son to the sanctuary of Beaulieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner." While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished.

25. *Æsop*:—He calls Richard Æsop on account of his crookedness; and Richard here betrays the same morbid sensitiveness touching his person which afterwards makes him "descant on his own deformity." This passage, being the same in the Quarto, is aptly cited as inferring an identity of authorship running through the whole delineation of Richard.

40. Prince Edward was born October 13, 1453; so that he was in his eighteenth year when killed. The *Chronicles* give the following account of his death: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring foorth Prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuitie of a hundred pounds during his life, and the Princes life to be saved, if he were brought foorth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the Kings promise, brought foorth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman; whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the Prince boldlie answered, saieng, 'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or, as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet; whome, incontinentlie, George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Glocester, Thomas Greie Marquesse Dorcet, and William Lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murthered; for the which cruell act the more part of the doers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God."

Scene VI.

[*King Henry and Gloucester.*] This Scene, whether considered in itself or in reference to the play of *Richard III.*, affords a most important test of the probabilities of authorship. It is acknowledged to be the most Shakespearian in style of anything in the

whole play; while, in characterization, its identity with what nobody doubts to be Shakespeare's is, in the opinion of able commentators, too manifest to be shirked or dodged. In short, if in this play there be any one thing more than another, which nobody but Shakespeare could have written, this undoubtedly is that thing. Comparison with the Quarto shows that no material change or addition was made in the Folio.

60. [*Dies.*] The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death: "Here is to be remembered, that poore King Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Glocester, as the constant fame ran; who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reigne in more suretie, murthered the said King Henrie with a dagger. Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogither the house of Yorke, have recorded that after he understood what losses had chanced unto his freends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentith of Maie."

85. *sort a pitchy day*:—Pick out or select a dark or fateful day.

Scene VII.

25. *Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute*:—Gloucester must be understood to touch his head at the first phrase, and to look significantly at his hand as he utters the second.

Questions on 3 Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

1. What is significant in Richard Plantagenet's part in Sc. i.?

2. What power does Warwick here assert that gave him the title of King-maker?

3. What place does York occupy in the Parliament-house when the King enters?

4. Does the King's weakness inspire pity? How does he defend his title to the crown? Was his vacillation foreshadowed in the characters of his father and grandfather?

5. What is his compact with York for securing peace? What is the consequent effect upon his adherents?

6. Why does Exeter not join in the indignation of the others?

7. How does Henry behave at the approach of the Queen? Does the tide of sympathy turn in her favour? What effect does her indignation produce?

8. Had she been a woman of higher character, are there not here materials for a splendid tragic figure?

9. What early indications does Richard Plantagenet give of his unmoral nature? What mental qualities does he show in Sc. ii.?

10. What event gives York color of excuse for breaking his oath?

11. Do you note any resemblance between Rutland and the King? What æsthetic fitness do you see in the death of Rutland?

12. How is the battle described in Sc. iv.? What is foreshadowed in lines 35-39?

13. Characterize Margaret's speech to the captured York. How nearly right was York in estimating her character?

14. How does the hardness of Margaret's nature show in comparison of her with Northumberland?

ACT SECOND.

15. Show the difference between the mental traits of Edward and Richard Plantagenet as exhibited in their seeing of the por-

tent; in their reception of the messenger; in their determination after receiving news of their father's death.

16. What further news does Warwick bring? How does Richard comment on the tale of Warwick?

17. How does Henry receive the news of the death of York? What is the effect upon him of Clifford's long address in Sc. ii.? What does Clifford need to make him a tragic figure?

18. How and when does Edward demand the crown of Henry?

19. How is Richard always addressed by his enemies? Was it his personal deformity only that made him odious?

20. With what do Edward and George taunt Margaret at the close of Sc. ii.? Are their protestations sincere?

21. What tide in the fortunes of the Plantagenets does Sc. iii. exhibit? What state of mind does it induce in Richard?

22. What is the effect of the mournful speech of the King (Sc. v.) set amidst the scenes of battle and ferocious quarrelling of the barons? Does it secure for the King feelings of sympathy as well as of pity?

23. Show how the two special instances exhibited in Sc. v. illustrate the horrors of civil war.

24. Does the last hope of the King's party perish with Clifford?

25. To what does Warwick next address himself?

26. Why does Richard object to being Duke of Gloucester?

ACT THIRD.

27. Where in other plays has Shakespeare used a touch of reality similar to that in Sc. i. 10: *I'll tell thee what befel me on a day*?

28. What brings Henry out of Scotland, where he had been confined? What line of *Richard II.* does line 17 recall?

29. How does the King express solicitude for his queen?

30. How does Henry argue his rights as king with the Keepers?

31. What can you argue for the new king's rule from Sc. ii., the first in which he is represented as king?

32. Has Richard, before his soliloquy in Sc. ii., given indications of his desire for the crown? Why is a full-length portrait given of him and none of Edward?

33. Comment on Richard's intellectual qualities; his imagination; his ambition.

34. What is Margaret's errand (Sc. iii.) at the court of France?

35. On what mission does Warwick come?

36. How does Margaret oppose the suit of King Edward?

37. How and why does King Lewis decide between Margaret and Warwick?

38. Does the entrance of the Post make an effective dramatic situation? Aside from this, does the play contain anything essentially dramatic?

39. Is the act of Edward sufficient to cause the direful consequences of foreign and civil strife? What is implied of moral degeneration that makes possible such conditions?

ACT FOURTH.

40. What disaffection begins to develop in the court of Edward?

41. Upon him what is the effect of the French king's enmity and of Warwick's foresworn allegiance?

42. What alliance brings Clarence over to the side of Henry?

43. What ebb in the fortunes of King Edward does Sc. iii. present? Are his shortcomings accurately estimated by Warwick?

44. What contrasts in maternal affection are presented in the case of the two queens, Margaret and Elizabeth?

45. How is King Edward rescued from imprisonment?

46. In Sc. vi. how does Henry report concerning his imprisonment? Whom does he designate protectors after his abdication?

47. What does he say of Richmond? What does Richmond afterward become?

48. Where is he sent for safety after the news of Edward's escape reaches the King's party?

49. What is the presage of Edward's hesitation (Sc. vii.) in reassuming the kingship at York? Who is the strong man of his party?

50. How (Sc. viii.) are Henry's suggestions regarded by the council? Does Henry show himself to have been taught anything by his hard experiences?

ACT FIFTH.

51. What leads to the defection of Clarence from Warwick? How does Warwick end his life?

52. What traits does Prince Edward display in Sc. v.? Does

his fate awaken pity? Is there felt to be any chance that the fortunes of the house of Lancaster could be revived through him?

53. Does Margaret become noble in her grief?

54. Does Henry ever exceed the pitch of powerful expression to which he rises in Sc. vi.?

55. How is the succeeding play foreshadowed in the speeches of Henry and of Gloucester?

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56. Is King Henry VI., as presented in this trilogy, to be judged as one morally responsible for the evils of civil war with which his reign was filled?

57. Contrast Henry VI. with the two weak kings that Shakespeare has drawn—John and Richard II. Are they not distinct in their characterization?

58. In more favourable times could Henry have been an efficient king? Was his weakness congenital?

59. Is he more to be admired, as Hazlitt says, than his queen?

60. Who of all that time was most suitable to be king? Wherein lay the incapacity of Gloucester?

61. Was Warwick ruled so much by patriotic as by personal feeling?

62. Does the growing personality of Richard Duke of Gloucester serve to point to a means of salvation for the kingdom?

63. Do the Cade scenes indicate that the dramatist wishes to state the case of democracy as an alternative?